

Good Morning 412

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

R. A. Kemp tells this true tall story

When Grand National was won by Cart Horse

Smiles, Decorations—All up at the "Buck House"

Report by

Ron Richards

THERE were so many submariners at Buckingham Palace when our photographer dropped in at a recent investiture, that he was able only to make personal contact with one A.B. They came out by the score, he remarked, and were behind pints all over London before there was time to do anything about it.

A.B. James Humpish, D.S.M., was the ensnared sailor, and he gave the data about his shipmates. Seems the crew of His Majesty's Submarine "Stubborn" took most honours; others that followed closely are still on the secret list and I am not permitted to mention the names.

Lieut. Arthur Anthony Duff, D.S.O., R.N., received the D.S.C.; Lieut. George Paton Christie, R.N.R., was awarded the D.S.C.; Ronald Henry Bull, Warrant Engineer, the D.S.C.

The D.S.M. was awarded to E.R.A. George Duncan Brown McLaughlan; Leading Stoker George William Humphrey; C.P.O. Russell Horace Wegg; E.R.A. Bruce Robertson Alexander; Acting Leading Seaman Richard Shaw; Able Seaman Charles Francis Banyon, and Petty Officer Arthur Perrett.

The awards were made for "outstanding courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in His Majesty's submarines."

Other awards to other submariners were decorations conferred by the Presidium of the Supreme Council of the U.S.S.R. for services to the U.S.S.R.

A.B. JAMES HUMPISH, for whom the G.P.O. will forward letters to H.M. Submarine "Stubborn," sends a greeting to his former oppo. in H44. To Leading Seaman Johnson he says: "Hope you are a P.O. now, Johnnie—remember the 'Old Mott'?" He also cracked about the "Judge of Messia."

Geordie Held, of H.M. Submarine "Taku," comes in for good wishes from Humpish, too. He wants to hear you sing about your old hat again, and he would also like a line from you. Hope you will write, if only to prove I kept my promise of passing on the message.

Will you do that? Sorry we were not able to get all the awards in this issue, but in future every investiture will be covered by our staff photographer. Don't be shy of him, gents—we know you don't like having your photographs taken, but remember your former shipmates—they are glad to see you again. If you ask any of the Press men at Buck House for the submarine paper photographer, they will point him out.

Failing that, he makes a point of bending the elbow for an hour at the "Bag o' Nails," just around the corner. So, hope to be seeing you some time.



C.P.O. BRUCE ALEXANDER, D.S.M.

IT always gives me pleasure to hear from A.B. A. F. MacIntosh. He writes long, interesting, amusing letters that go down well with all the staff of "Good Morning." The latest letter, from a brand-new submarine, the name of which I am not permitted to mention, is no exception.

I'm terribly sorry about the negatives, Mac, but they are hopeless as far as reproduction is concerned. When they arrived from you, a hundred and one tiny pieces of glass showered over my desk. As a packer, you are no doubt a splendid sailor...

I have asked Dick Gordon to make our apologies to Bebe Daniels, and if she likes we will take some pictures at the earliest opportunity.

I suppose you are missing the grand crowd from "Tuna," but my guess is you are in with a supreme bunch in your new boat.

So the boys have been ashore, eh? Hope you will let me know the time and place of the two weddings. Are they both marrying W.R.N.S., by the way?

Glad you like the canteen at H.M.S. "Forth." I haven't been there since the completion, but colleagues tell me it is very popular.

Your suggestion of a piano is very bright—I will mention it to the editor.

Why do you keep mentioning the "Wellington"? Don't you

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



LIEUT. GEORGE CHRISTIE, D.S.C.

know what that does to a poor hard-working guy in a stuffy London office when he hears the name of a pub wherein he's had a score or more happy evenings?

It's good to hear that Peter Heather is home—I hope to meet him this time. Seems every time I get to "Tuna Villa" he's away some place. What a grand crowd his family are, though—I have never had such a good time anywhere as at their Dunoon home.

So long for now, Mac, hoping to meet at the weddings. Keep your chin up.

R.N.V.R. officers putting the finishing touches to their club in Pall Mall, went to "action stations" after receiving a broadside from the enemy.

Their building, formerly the Marlborough, but now the King Alfred Club for R.N.V.R. officers, was hit by a bomb. Months of hard work lay in ruins on the eve of the opening. Within three hours the R.N.V.R. officers were at work,

AINTREE! There's a name that sets even the heart of a hardened racegoer thudding, for the Grand National has never waned in excitement.

Remember the year when Golden Miller, Miss Dorothy Faget's horse, set up a record time of 9 minutes 20 seconds? Remember 1933, when of 34 runners, ten were owned by women?

The previous year, a 50-to-1 outsider finished first, and Gregalach, the favourite, dismounted his jockey!

In 1931, of 43 in the field, only twelve finished. Another year, a former plough horse was the winner. A trap horse once took the honours. You never can tell with the National!

THEN there was an occasion when Captain Little conquered the course on Chandler. This horse had once pulled a cart through the streets of Sutton Coldfield; then was sold for £25 and turned into a hunter.

Half an hour before the race, Little confessed to me that the chances of his mount seemed hopeless. A book-maker had laid him 5,000 to 1 against his chance in tenners.

But fortune was determined to smile upon him that day. Chandler won, and Captain Little was richer by £50,000.

At Aintree, last year's failures may succeed this year, and horses no one has heard of may beat all those favoured by the expert. Voluntary, who afterwards appeared on the stage at Drury Lane, had never run in any chase before. Tipperary Tim,

winner in 1928, was a despised 100-to-1 chance.

HALT MADE HISTORY.

Groggy horses, which cannot be galloped beforehand, may make history on the astounding Aintree course. I wonder whether my readers recollect the rumours that surrounded Glenside, who was supposed to be halt and lame?

People even said that some mysterious sickness would make the animal fall asleep as he was running and stop dead in the middle of the course. It was said that the entry of such a wreck was an insult to tradition.

Yet on the great day all the runners fell except Glenside.

Double Chance, another winner, had come to be regarded as useless, and had actually been under sentence of death on two different occasions. The first time, the man appointed to destroy the animal forgot all about it; the second time, the horse broke out of its box and got away.

Eventually he was given away to Major Wilson, who discovered his splendid qualities.

What becomes of the Grand National winners? Master Robert, one former winner, had pulled a plough, and I believe he went back to it.

Another horse, whose name I forget, went into the King's stable and pulled the State coach to the Opening of Parliament; a third brave winner went to France—but wasn't at Dunkirk.

LOST IN THE FOG.

As I write, the memories flock back. I have seen the National run through fog so

dense that jockeys afterwards confessed they could not see the fences ahead, and I have known muddy weather when horses did not fall at the fences, but simply slipped!

There was such a severe snowstorm one year that Bletsoe, the trainer, ransacked the catering department for butter, which he rubbed on his horse's hoofs to prevent them caking, and so Grudon literally cake-walked home.

Exciting Nationals? What about the time when Poethlyn, who had changed hands for as little as £7, brought its master some £12,000?

What about the year that Alf Newey broke a stirrup leather on Eremon at the second fence, and won with only one serviceable iron after crossing 28 more fences?

Who can forget the terrific excitement when Mr. Widger brought over a horse with the strange name of "The Wild Man From Borneo" from Ireland?

Everybody believed in the "W.M." from the start, and the ovation in the paddock after the victory was something one sees only once in a lifetime.

HE'D EAT THE HORSE.

In another race a horse named Casse Tête came to be mentioned. The bookmakers were quoting it at 25 to 1, and a famous sporting writer declared that if the animal won he would eat horse, saddle and bridle.

Needless to say, when the horse broke the hearts of a good field of steeplechasers, nobody made the journalist keep his word—but his owner demanded and received a slap-up dinner.

Never was the truth that there is no stopping a racing owner in luck more clearly shown. For, in a hurdle race after the National, he backed an unknown animal called Midshipman. The double came off!

Then, just before the war, there was the amazing "double" of youth and age which brought off Battleship's win in 1938. Starting at odds of 40 to 1, he was the longest-priced National winner for six years—and no wonder.

Few trusted the old horse. Veteran of 11 years, he was the father of a considerable family—and could boast (could he but talk!) of sons and daughters racing on both sides of the Atlantic.

Yet he won—one of the smallest horses ever to do so—and he was ridden by one of the youngest jockeys. Bruce Hobbs was then only 17—and rode his first winner as a 14-year-old schoolboy!



A.B. JAMES HUMPISH, D.S.M.

clearing up, surveying the damage, and planning to start again.

That was three months ago, says the "Evening Standard," in a few weeks the club will again be ready for opening. At first, only the bar, snack bar and lounge will be used,

but bedrooms will be repaired and made available for officers passing through London.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

A universal deluge being predicted for the year 1524, President Auril of Toulouse built himself a Noah's Ark.

Iron being unobtainable at the time, the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City, was built without nail or screw.

Burning of a coal fire was a crime in the Middle Ages, and heavy fines were imposed to combat the "noxious fumes."

Twenty people can stand comfortably in the head of the Statue of Liberty outside New York Harbour.

CRUSOE'S ISLAND

PART 4

THE night after this event, when I went to the galley to get a light, I found the cook inclined to be talkative, so I sat down on the spars and gave him an opportunity to hold a yarn.

He talked about George's having spoken of his friends, and said he believed few men died without having a warning of it, which he supported by a great many stories of dreams, and the unusual behaviour of men before death.

From this he went on to other superstitions—the Flying Dutchman, etc.—and talked rather mysteriously, having something evidently on his mind.

At length he put his head out of the galley and looked carefully about to see if any one was within hearing, and, being satisfied on that point, asked me, in a low tone: "I say, you know what countryman 'e carpenter be?"

"Yes," said I; "he's a German."

"What kind of a German?" said the cook.

"He belongs to Bremen," said I.

"Are you sure o' dat?" said he.

I satisfied him on that point by saying that he could speak no language but the German and English.

"I'm plaguy glad o' dat," said the cook. "I was mighty afraid he was a Finn."

I asked him the reason of this, and found that he was fully possessed with the notion that Finns are wizards, and especially have power over winds and storms. I tried to reason with him about it, but he had the best of all argu-

ments, that from experience, at hand, and was not to be moved.

He had been in a vessel at the Sandwich Islands in which the sailmaker was a Finn, and could do anything he felt inclined to do. This sailmaker kept a junk bottle in his berth, which was always just half full of rum, though he got drunk upon it nearly every day.

He had heard of ships, too, beating up the Gulf of Finland against a head wind, and having a ship heave in sight astern, overhaul, and pass them, with as fair a wind as could blow and all studding-sails out, and find she was from Finland.

"Oh, oh," said he; "I've seen too much of them men to want to see 'em 'board a ship."

As I still doubted, he said he would leave it to John, who was the oldest seaman aboard, and would know if anybody did.

John, to be sure, was the oldest, and at the same time the most ignorant man in the ship; but I consented to have him called.

The cook stated the matter to him, and John, as I anticipated, sided with the cook, and said that he himself had been in a ship where they had a head wind for a fortnight, and the captain found out at last one of the men, whom he had had some hard words with a short time before, was a Finn, and immediately told him if he didn't stop the head wind he would shut him down in the fore-peak.

The Finn would not give in, and the captain shut him down in the fore-peak, and would not give him anything to eat.

The Finn held out for a day and a half, when he could not stand it any longer, and did something or other which brought the wind round again, and they let him up.

"There," said the cook, "what do you think o' dat?"

I told him I had no doubt it was true, and that it would have been odd if the wind had not changed in fifteen days Finn or no Finn.

WE continued sailing along with a fair wind and fine weather until Tuesday, November 25th, when at daylight we saw the Island of Juan Fernandez directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

We were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that I mistook it for a cloud resting over the island, and looked for the island under it until it gradually turned to a deader and greener colour, and I could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

At length we could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before us, and we directed our course to the only harbour.

I was called on deck to stand my watch at about three in the morning, and I shall never forget the peculiar sensation which I

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

experienced on finding myself once more surrounded by land, feeling the night-breeze coming from off shore and hearing the frogs and crickets.

The harbour was nearly landlocked, and at the head of it was a landing-place, protected by a small breakwater of stones, upon which two large boats were hauled up, with a sentry standing over them. Near this was a variety of huts or cottages, nearly a hundred in number, the best of them built of mud and whitewashed, but the greater part only—Robinson Crusoe like—of posts and branches of trees.

The governor's house was the most conspicuous, being large, with grated windows, plastered walls, and roof of red tiles; yet, like all the rest, only of one story.

Near it was a small chapel, distinguished by a cross, and a long, low, brown-looking building surrounded by something like a palisade, from which an old and dingy-looking Chilean flag was flying. This was the *Presidio*.

A sentinel was stationed at the chapel, another at the governor's house, and a few soldiers, armed with bayonets, looking rather ragged, with shoes out at the toes, were strolling about among the houses, or waiting at the landing-place for our boat to come ashore.

After breakfast, the second mate was ordered ashore with five hands to fill the water-casks, and, to my joy, I was among the number.

We pulled ashore with the empty casks; and here again fortune favoured me, for the water was too thick and muddy to be put into the casks, and the governor had sent men up to the head of the stream to clear it out for us, which gave us nearly two hours of leisure.

This leisure we employed in wandering about among the houses and eating a little fruit which was offered to us. Ground apples, melons, grapes, strawberries of an enormous size, and cherries abound here.

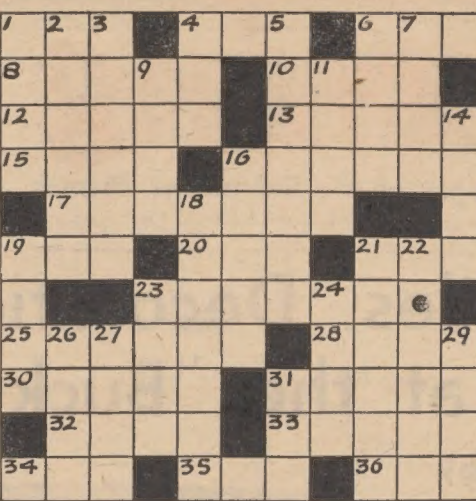
The island belongs to Chili, and had been used by the government as a sort of Botany Bay for nearly two years; and the governor—an Englishman who had entered the Chilean navy—with a priest, half-a-dozen task-masters, and a body of soldiers, were stationed there to keep the convicts in order.

The worst part of them, I found, were locked up under sentry, in caves dug into the side of the mountain, nearly half-way up, with mule-tracks leading to them, whence they were taken by day and set to work under task-masters upon building an aqueduct, a wharf, and other public works.

The rest lived in the houses which they put up for themselves, had their families with them, and seemed to me to be the laziest people on the face of the earth.

About an hour before sundown, having stowed our water-casks, we commenced getting under way. It was bright starlight when we were clear of the bay, and the lofty island lay behind us in its still beauty, and I gave a parting look

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Away.
4. Wrap.
6. Move suddenly.
8. Play.
10. Dimness.
12. Old coin.
13. Boy's name.
15. Rests on chair.
16. Hurry.
17. Stagger.
19. Scottish county.
20. Space of time.
21. Colourless.
23. Toboggans.
25. Medicinal slab.
28. Permits.
30. Golf club.
31. Stage show.
32. Fat.
33. Join.
34. Spout.
35. Total.
36. Guided.

BIPED P YAP
EMU ERASURE
APPAL PEKES
CRANES DO K
HOE TENANCY
V DEVON H
RESIDES DAB
I AT RETIRE
VOUCH GOALS
ANCHUSA NEE
LEE G YEAST

CLUES DOWN.

1. Variance.
2. Tasting of grapes.
3. Agent.
4. Cricketer.
5. Renounced.
6. Kick.
7. Spoken.
9. Upright.
11. Detriment.
14. Chopped.
16. Give rise to.
18. High abilities.
19. Deeds.
21. Granary-beetle.
22. Shrewd.
23. Blackthorn.
24. Narrow valley.
26. Recess.
27. Trial of strength.
29. Pip.
31. Drink.

and bid farewell to the most romantic spot of earth that my eyes had ever seen.

I did then, and have ever since, felt an attachment for that island, altogether peculiar. It was partly, no doubt, from its having been the first land that I had seen since leaving home, and still more from the associations which every one has connected with it in their childhood from reading "Robinson Crusoe."

On Thursday, November 27th, upon coming on deck in the morning, we were again upon the wide Pacific, and saw no more land until we arrived upon the western coast of the great continent of America.

(To be continued)

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Salic Law was instituted in France in the 6th century for the purpose of excluding females from inheriting the Crown. The Bourbons introduced the same law into Spain, but this was abolished by decree in 1830 to enable Isabella II to succeed.

These men are in the U.S. Forces: Private Sherlock Holmes, detective branch, Fort Lewis; Sergeant German Hunter; Private Early Bird; and Private Lee Camp, stationed at Camp Lee.

QUIZ for today

1. Stanneries are camel stables, leather works, wine vaults, tin mines, medal factories, glider hangars?
2. Who wrote (a) The Cotter's Saturday Night, (b) Saturday Nights?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Shako, Bearskin, Busby, Forage Cap, Bassinet, Wimple.
4. In what country is a coin called a sucre used?
5. What is the masculine of ewe?
6. What was the world's longest boxing match?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Olefant, Olephant, Elephant, Olifant, Oleaster.
8. About how long is a newborn kangaroo?
9. Who was always waiting for something to turn up?
10. Which is the nearest planet to the sun?
11. What drink is made by fermenting sugar and water with bruised ginger?
12. Name five insects beginning with A, B, C, D, and E, respectively.

Answers to Quiz in No. 411

1. Strong tide.
2. (a) Thomas Burke, (b) Longfellow.
3. Barracouda is a fish; others are plants.
4. Henri Giraud.
5. A. Newton (S. Africa) ran 100 miles non-stop in 14 hours 22 minutes, in 1928.
6. A butterfly.
7. Oboy.
8. Max Baer.
9. Bolivia and Paraguay.
10. A love letter.
11. Principal.
12. Gershwin, Grieg, Gounod, Glazounov, Glinka, Gluck, etc.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Talk about dumb! Scrubbed practically the whole deck for him, and still he fails to get the hang of it!"

WANGLING WORDS—351

1. Put vain talk in DEER and make a vessel.
2. In the following first line of a song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Saw cruchh heter I twaigin ta het.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change SIDE into TEAM and then back again into SIDE, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden holidays in: Like a stern teacher he now hit sundry boys with his cane.

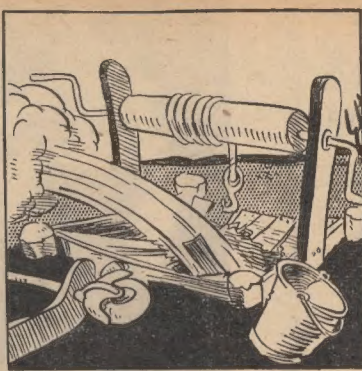
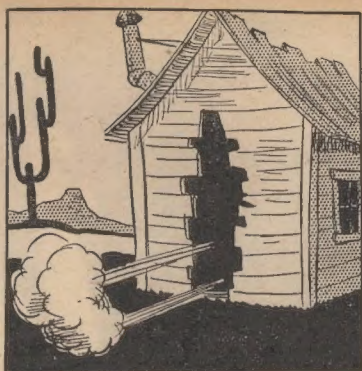
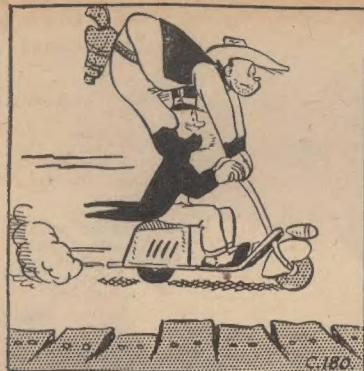
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 350

1. PURchaser.
2. "Won't you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly.
3. ARMY, arms, aims, rims, rime, rive, have, nave, NAVY, wavy, wary, wiry, airy, airs, aits, arts, arty, ARMY.
4. F-I-sh, So-up.

JANE



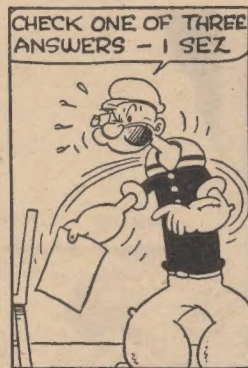
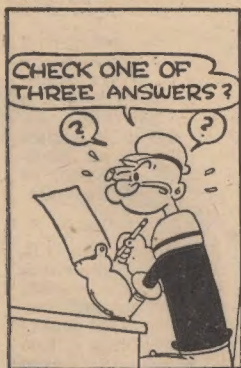
PEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Notions and Notes

By Dick Gordon

IT is somewhat surprising that so few songs that will last have come out of the war. Yet everything is in favour of the composer, with radio to aid him in popularising his efforts.

There have, of course, been some numbers that have brought in a good return to their composers, perhaps the most successful being the "Warsaw Concerto," written by Richard Addinsell. This minor classic has sold 500,000 copies in sheet music and about 300,000 gramophone records. Yet Richard Addinsell, when he penned this great work, which took three months, did not visualise it as a great success. It was part of the work he did on the film "Dangerous Moonlight," but so great was the success of the Concerto that many picture houses have shown the film on as many as four occasions—because patrons wanted to hear the minor classic.

For his effort, Mr. Addinsell was recently presented with the Polish Silver Cross of Merit—while the number has brought in a return of about £120,000—and is still selling!

To be a successful song-writer, as is Mr. Addinsell, one has to strike a new note. In war-time this is not always easy, with conditions changing almost daily, but our own Noel Gay succeeds where so many others might fail.

He chooses some locality, or topic of public interest, for his songs. Thus we have had "Around the Marble Arch," "There's Something About a Soldier," "The Fleet's in Port Again," "Fall In and Fly," and, of course, the famous "Lambeth Walk."



Noel Gay's real name is Reginald Armitage. He started his musical career as a choirboy in Wakefield Cathedral, later becoming an organist, like so many other men who have developed into star composers.

It was when he was travelling on top of a London bus, bound for the music publisher's with one of his earliest songs, entitled "Good-bye," that he hit upon the name of Noel Gay. He had no real reason for this pen-name—but it has brought him fame and fortune.

Of the over 250 songs he has written, the "Lambeth Walk" is the most famous. Over 500,000 copies of this have been sold—and still sells. Yet this song was not supposed to be the big hit of the show, "For Me and My Girl," for which it was written. Its racy style and lilting tune caught the public taste—and resulted in a good return to Noel for his hard work!

He prefers to write his material in a small bungalow he has bought on the Thames near Windsor, but rare is it that you find a composer who has one favourite spot for his work. I know one famed British composer who wrote a "winner" while in his bath-tub. At least, the idea for the song came to him while he was beneath the soap-suds; while Leslie Stuart, who made a fortune and is best known for his "Lily of Laguna," got many of his ideas while organist in Salford Cathedral.



Two of the best-known of our modern composers, Irving Berlin and Cole Porter, both possess that rare quality—originality—and a first-class insight into the needs of the public. That is the real reason for their success and the large fortunes they both have made.

Irving Berlin, once a waiter in a small restaurant, used to delight customers by playing on a rather ancient piano the house possessed. But the tunes he made up were "catchy," and pleased listeners. Eventually, Irving was persuaded to take up song-writing as a profession. Two years later he was making £15,000 a year out of his songs. Now he tops £100,000 a year. The greatness of this little man, who somewhat resembles Eddie Cantor, and has penned 800 songs in thirty-five years, is in the fact that he cannot read or write down a note of music. But he knows the kind of songs the public, in its current mood, wants to sing. That is why twenty-five of his songs have topped sales of over 1,000,000, two of them since the war.



Cole Porter, another of "Songdom's Great," appears to follow a different approach. His songs, at first, would not appear to be the type to appeal—yet they continue to hold as many as any other writer's. Yet Cole Porter, many years ago, when his songs were failing, quit "Tin Pan Alley" and joined the French Foreign Legion. During the Great War he served with the French 75's. At the end of the war he returned to New York, and met an old friend, Raymond Hitchcock. He suggested that Cole sat down and wrote a few songs. Somewhat reluctantly he did—and one of them sold over 2,000,000 copies!

Patience, originality, and a natural ability, have put him into the front rank of tune-smiths. But remember, when you hear about the large sums made for the writing of successful songs, that for every hit there are a million failures.

Good Morning

Paramount
leading lady,
Constance
Moore. Boy, oh
boy! how we'd
love to be led



This England

At the mill pond in Godalm-
ing. Mrs. Swan and her
family of six cygnets enjoy
dainty morsels from a young
admirer.



Joyce Stamford and her father thatch fifty cottages
in and around Barley, Herefordshire. Some folk
keep the home fires burning. The Stamfords intend
that the boys are guaranteed roofs as well.



"Wind seems right to-night. Sou'sou'west and a
smell of chickens. Good hunting, it seems?"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Heck, she
means business."

